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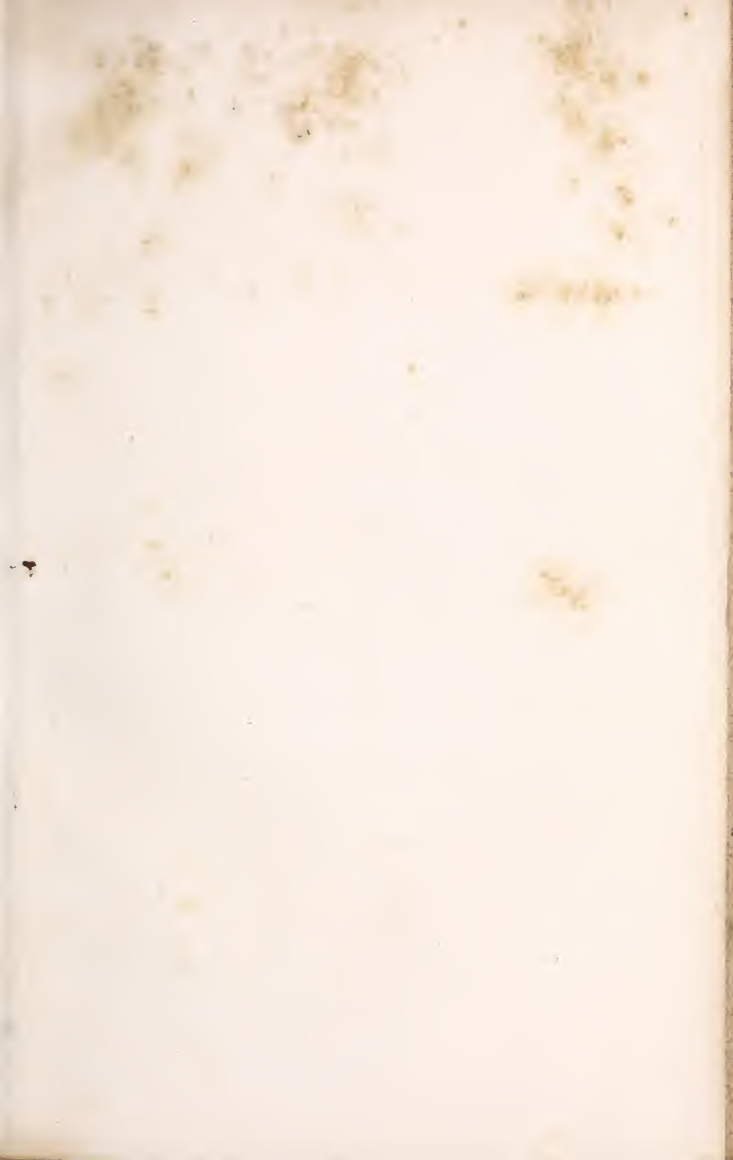
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Mr. Moffat preaching from a wagon in Africa.

STORIES ABOUT AFRICA,
A
FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO
SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

BY ✓
REV. ROBERT MOFFAT.



Philadelphia:
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STORIES ABOUT AFRICA.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I rise on the present occasion with feelings of a peculiar description : for this, I think I may say, is the last juvenile audience that I shall be able to address in my native land. You all know that the time of my departure is drawing near, when I shall again leave the land of my forefathers—the land that gave me birth. I must soon go far hence among the sable sons and daughters of Africa, there to live, and there to spend and be spent. I hope there to live and labour for many years. I have no other prospect but that of finishing my course

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there, and leaving my bones there to mingle with those of Afric's children.

Dear children, I am going to speak about missions; I am going to speak about boys and girls; I am going to speak about Africa, and I know that what I am going to tell you, you will not be able to forget. Even were you desirous to forget it, you will recollect that you once heard me speak; you will recollect the subject I took and the stories I told, and wherever you wander in the city, or wherever you travel abroad, you will not forget hearing from the lips of a man that lived twenty-three years among the black children of Africa, and was a teacher there, a missionary there, what he came back and told you that he had seen and had heard there.

I speak from experience, for I remember well what I heard when I was a boy.

I too, like some of you, was once a Sunday scholar, and I have been a Sunday-school teacher. I remember well what I heard when I was a little boy; though I heard as if I heard not, and though it appeared to make no impression, lines were made upon my memory—the tablet of my memory. This treasure, these sweet words, these useful words, these affectionate words, and especially those of a pious mother, were deposited in a little cabinet—the cabinet of memory; and though I did not see them at all times, and did not hear them speak out of my bosom at all times, still I never forgot them in all my wanderings in Africa. I have wandered many hundreds, many thousands of miles in Africa; wandered far from the abodes of men, where there was nothing to be heard but the music of the desert, the

lion's roar, the hyena's howl, and where there was the dread of meeting some ruthless savage from day to day.

Travelling in that way I never, no never, forgot what I heard when I was a little boy, and therefore what I am going to say to you, I am going to write upon your memories.

The blessing of God has already been implored, and I shall implore the blessing of God again; and I have a full persuasion, that though you may see me no more, yet you will remember, and I hope you will pray for me also. When you read of my journeys in Africa, and what the gospel is doing there, and when I describe the people whom I saw there, you will feel an interest—you will feel your hearts glow within you—you will feel your hearts kind to every African. Oh, I love Africa; I

love every one that loves Africa. You know how natural it is for a person to love his own; how natural it is for a man to think that his own wife and his own children are the best in the world. Quite right. Now, Africa is my country, and I look upon her children as my children, and my tears mingle with the tears of her weeping millions. I have given myself to Africa, and therefore I seem to feel love to all that love Africa. I love the missionary who loves India, and he ought to love India. I love the missionary who loves the negroes of the West Indies, and he ought to love them; and wherever a missionary is, he ought to look at the people as his people—the people that God has given him, and to whom God has sent him, like dear Williams of the South Seas, whom you all know,

and whose memory you cherish. He loved the very people who killed him. This was like the Saviour.

Now it just occurred to my mind when you were singing, and oh! it was delightful, though there was a little jarring here and there in the ears of the kind leader; that was however nothing; it was lost in the grandeur and sweetness of tones that rolled delightfully with a cadence as if from angels' harps; it occurred to my mind how many Sunday scholars were met at the present time throughout the world. There was a time when Raikes, single handed, undertook to teach children on the Sabbath day. What a wonderful movement that was! What would Raikes now say? When I walked through the town of Gloucester, I could almost persuade myself I saw him. Now, now

in the days in which we live,—Oh what happy days!—the sun never sets on Sunday-schools—never sets, in all its course round the globe, on Sunday-schools; or, if he is about to set on one school, he is rising on another; if he is setting on one missionary station, he is shining in meridian splendor upon another, so that it may be said that the praises of children, the anthems of children, are continuing to ascend while the sun goes round and round the world. Songs of praise are sung from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, even by children. O happy days! O happy prospect! Instead of the fathers shall rise up the children.

Now this is a most animating view of the subject, and I cannot think that there is music more delightful, music more harmonious, music more heavenly

and sweet in the ears of the Redeemer of the world, than the music of infant tongues. Ah, said the Saviour, when he was going up to Jerusalem, and heard infant hosannas, and smiled as he heard—"If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." Is not this delightful? Look only at the Saviour—the blessed Jesus—for whom all things were made, and by whom all things exist, and you and I, and all of us. Look at the Saviour—the meek and lowly Jesus—healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, raising the dead, and giving eyes to the blind; try and look on him, my dear children, on whom angels loved to look. These needy creatures, as we are, were all objects of his sympathy—they all required his help; but we see the Saviour taking in his arms children that needed

no such helps from him; they did not know *their* Redeemer—they were happy and cheerful, hanging, with an infant-heavenly smile, on their mothers' bosoms; taking these children in his arms and blessing them, and saying—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven." This sweet expression, my dear children, refers *to you*.

Now one delightful characteristic (I will talk to the children by-and-by) of the present time is that mighty movement which the infant mind is experiencing. Their operations are very small and their efforts very small; but think of thousands and tens of thousands whose minds are being directed, not only to the Bible, but to where the Bible itself directs them, and that is the heathen world,—to pray for the poor perishing heathen, so that we

may expect that in the coming generation there will be a host of mighty missionary minds, which will throw us of the present day into the shade, when our heads are laid beneath the clods of the vale. That day is coming, in which you shall live when we are dead.

Compare the present time with the past. I remember once being brought to a place where there was some ivy and other creepers trained around the walls of a school-room (it was in a national school in Newcastle-upon-Tyne), some tending obliquely, some horizontally, some perpendicularly, and some with their ends downwards. It brought to my mind those beautiful lines of the poet—

“ 'Tis education forms the tender mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.”

In my youthful years I had trained many trees, and I was very much impressed with these words of the poet; and I remembered at the time that I once saw a heathen man, a father, a venerable looking man, who went up one day to his son in a rage with a club to knock him down. The son looked at him with the greatest indifference, and said,—“Father, take your spear, take your spear.” The father looked at him again, and then he said to his father, pointing to a large stately acacia giraffe tree, a very strong tree like an old oak tree—“Go and bend that tree.” “Am I a fool?” asked the father. “Yes,” replied the son, “you have been a fool hitherto: for you ought to have begun with me when I was a boy. Now I am a man, and it is at your peril to touch me. I will

pierce your heart with a spear if you lift your hand against me." Oh, I thought at the moment, how many, many hundreds and thousands of parents have to weep tears, I would say almost of blood—burning tears of regret, that they did not begin to train their children while they were children!—

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Therefore I, for my part, think very, very highly of the labours of Sunday-school teachers. They have in their power the transformation of character, and from their labours results the most stupendous are certain to take place. Just look at the mother who nurses the babe on her bosom. That mother bears on her bosom a power which may one day sway empires and govern

crowns. Children that are thus nursed receive their first impressions—impressions never afterwards erased—from the mother that nurtures them and speaks to them. How sweet a mother's voice! It reigns in life, it speaks in death. On the same principle Sunday-school teachers have a responsible charge; standing, as they often do, in the room of parents, they have the care of immortal souls committed to them. And, Oh, how many there are that lift the voice of praise and thanksgiving to God every morning and evening at this day, at this time, because they have been placed in a Sunday-school! Think also how many distinguished characters there have been and now are engaged in the kingdom of the Lord, who were once children in a Sunday-school; and may we not expect at the present

time, from the thousands upon thousands who are not now reading "Jack the Giant Killer," as I used to do when I was a boy—not reading "Beauty and the Beast"—not reading "The Forty Thieves," and "Sinbad the Sailor," and such trash as this; but reading lovely little stories, on which they gaze like men on a bright shining gem, till they feel their very minds shining and animated with Christian zeal, till they really feel an interest in every thing that has reference to missionary work—and you know that work was the Saviour's work.

I was astonished at a sight which I remember seeing in Edinburgh. All the children assembled to hear an address—what do you think of 3,000, and more than 3,000 children listening to a missionary?—each received a sweet

little missionary book. After the people had gone out, after the congregation of children had been dismissed, it was hard work to get along the streets. every shop window, no matter what the shop contained, eggs, butter, candles, or coals, where there was a light, was crowded with the little things reading the books they had received—I know not how many. They had a little story to read about my taking a baby out of the ground, and other little stories. These books must have made an impression on their minds that never, never can be erased. Oh, the glorious results of the labours of Sunday-school teachers are beyond all calculation! Next day I met several of these children, who told me, with animated countenances, what they had read.

I remember meeting with an individ-

ual in a hospital at Cape Town. He was a young man, who had fallen from the mast head and broken his leg, and was conveyed there. When I went and conversed with him about his soul, he returned answers that were like fiery darts. He cursed me, and told me "to go about my business, he was not going to have any of my methodist humbug, he knew better," and so on. I called on him again on another Sabbath. I spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and by-and-by I dropped an expression, a single expression, that touched some tender chord in his heart—it vibrated in his soul. He paused, he was silent, he gazed on me, and the tears ran from his eyes. I asked him the cause, he replied—"What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" the soul, the never dying soul.

What a thought! "Those were the words I heard from my Sunday-school teacher." That man kissed my hand, and adored and praised God for giving me grace to persevere, notwithstanding all his opprobrious language on a preceding day.

But I am going to talk about Africa. I see you are all looking for something respecting Africa. I want to tell you what Sunday-schools are doing there—I want to tell you what missionaries are doing there; the benefits not only that mothers receive from the missionary enterprise, but the blessings and comforts that every group of society receives, and especially children. We have heard—

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

They are the tender twigs bent in

Africa. We see, in walking about plantations in gentlemen's parks, or in gardens, or anywhere else, that great care is taken of the little trees : we see that they are fenced about. But after they have grown and become great trees, they are left to themselves, and are exposed to the winter's storm. We see young plants guarded from cattle and from the feet of the stranger ; and we see—I know the fact, for I have been engaged in these things myself—we see the gardener or the nurseryman, or the individual that takes care of them, prune them nicely, and keep them in order while young ; and then, when they are grown up, they look so fine, when they are stately, fruitful trees.

Now, how are young twigs nurtured in Africa ? I shall tell you. Very differently from what they are in this

land. There, you must know, there were no Sabbaths. I am speaking of Africa as we found it, and such as it is at the present day thousands of miles in the interior. There was no Sabbath there—no, not one. They had one long week. It began when they were born, and it was Saturday night when they were dead. They had no fast days, no feast days, or perhaps they had one feast in a year—a feast of dancing and singing. Hunger and a hunt mark their lives. Seldom full, generally found fasting, leading the life of a dog, by turns of hunger and of ease.

In that country infant minds are trained to every thing that has reference to war—the use of the spear, and the use of the bow. It is a wild country; they have no Gospel there, no peace there; one tribe at everlasting war with

another tribe, always seeking to take revenge. Among the Africans, even the very infants on their mothers' lap are taught to thirst for the blood of revenge. I remember a little boy with whom I met. He was walking along with his father, and his father had on his shoulder his quiver, containing poisoned arrows, and his bow, and he had in his hand a couple of spears; the boy had his weapons also, and a few men were following after. I happened just to meet them. I was going in one direction, and they were passing in another. They waited till I came up, and I asked where they were going. They would not tell me. I asked again, and the silly answers they gave led me to suspect that all was not right. The father was a heathen, and I supposed that he was going to attack some one

and kill him, or that he was going to steal some one's sheep or oxen. I said again, "Tell me where you are going—perhaps I shall go with you. Is there any game?" "No, there is no game." I was seeking game, and had my gun with me. The boy, who had formerly been at the school, looked at me with his eyes *so* large, and, putting my hand on his head, I asked where they were going. The boy replied, "Don't look at me with those eyes." "What must I look at you with? What is the matter?" "Don't look at me with those eyes." The boy had been instructed to read in the school, and I had supposed that he was in school that very day—a school under the superintendence of one of the African teachers—and I was surprised to see him. It was a week-day: I had been preaching, and was

returning home when I met him. He said again, "Don't look at me with those eyes," and I began to suspect that something must be wrong.

The father stood like a wild buffalo looking at me, and I asked him again what was the matter. I looked at the boy again, put my arm round his neck, and talked to him affectionately. The boy was evidently in great terror, and at last I insisted, or rather begged the old man, the father, to tell me what he had done. By this time the other men came up and joined the party, and they also accosted me. I asked them what was the matter, adding, that I would go with them, for I was sure that things were not right. What do you think they were all going to do? I shall tell you. It was to take that boy to a family, in order that he might

plunge a spear into some of them. He had been taught by his mother when an infant, that when he had come to a certain age he should take a spear, a quiver, and an arrow, and go with his father to take revenge, to shed the blood of some individual that had done harm to his grandfather, or some one else, for I forget, it is so long since. Oh, the disappointment was great—the mortification of the man was inexpressible. He looked at me in great rage, but he was afraid to say anything, for I was a stouter man than he was; and besides, I had a gun, and he might have thought I should shoot him, though I would have done no such thing. I had no idea, however, that he would do me harm; but he was dreadfully disappointed, inasmuch as he knew that his boy would not dare to go and commit mur-

der, because he had seen the eyes of that man who had taught him to read and to sing.

I remember an old man, a hoary headed man, who, after hearing me preach about the love of God, about the mercy of God, and how we ought to show mercy to each other, said, that was a bad instruction—ours was a bad religion. He asked, “How are we to live if we are not to take revenge? If we are not to kill others, others will kill us.” He held out his fingers and counted ten, to show me how many he had killed since he was ten years of age. That is a heathen declaration. Can you believe this, my children?

Contrast that, my children, contrast that, my older friends, with the instructions imparted to the young in our own

country, in the present day. What is the result of the one? The result of the one is misery and woe, destruction, death, and everlasting pain. What is the result of the other? The result of the other is peace, and joy, and love—exalting that Redeemer who has conferred upon us such inestimable privileges. This, my dear children, for I now speak to you, will remind you of the lovely lines,—

“ ’Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live.
’Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.”

But Africa, again, is a wild country. The people there learn not only to use weapons and to fight with each other, and kill each other, but also to defend themselves against beasts of prey. I will not trouble you with any lion

stories, except one. I will tell you one, and it will show my young friends, the boys—I will talk to the girls by-and-bye—the dangers that little boys are exposed to in that land, and little girls too. I have known little girls who, when I inquired after them another time, I found had been devoured by a lion. There was a little boy with whom I met, and he seemed to look curiously at me; he seemed to eye me from head to foot; he seemed to think that I was of pretty good length, and pretty good strength, rather gigantic compared with the people among whom he lived. He looked at me and I looked at him. I asked him what was the most wonderful thing he ever saw. His wondering eyes made me ask this question. He answered, “You are the most wonderful thing.” I asked what

was so wonderful about me. "Oh," he said, "your hands are another colour, your face is another colour." He could not think why I put my legs into sacks, for so he called my trowsers. He did not know whether I was the same colour under my clothes that my hands were. About my body he thought I was something like their own people. Among other questions, I think he asked me if my blood was red the same as theirs. I seemed to him rather an odd animal, and therefore he thought I was the most curious thing he ever saw. I asked him if he had ever seen anything else very remarkable. Well, I have frequently asked such questions just to see how they thought: he rubbed his little head as we sometimes do to get out ideas, and he thought he remembered a very wonderful thing.

I knew that he had travelled a good deal though yet a boy, and had been at a great distance in the interior of Africa. He was a stranger in the part of the country where I saw him. He said, "I remember a wonderful thing," and he told me the story.

He was about six or seven years of age, and he had been travelling with his father and mother, and two other of the children. They came to a few old huts one night, and they went into one of them. They were not high enough to let a person, even a tall boy, stand erect; they were covered over with mats and grass, and there was a little hole for the door, like an oven door, and they crept in and out. I have gone hundreds of times into such huts in the same way. Generally when they pass the evening they lie

down in a hole in the ground and cover themselves over with grass—I am speaking of very poor people. There lay the father, the mother, and the children, and within the door there was a fire of wood. The boy had no clothing, nothing but a little sheep skin. There they lay all of a heap, but he, the little boy, having slept some hours, was becoming cold; he got up, and was holding his hand over the smouldering ashes which were nearly dead; but there was a piece of wood in the fire, red hot, under the ashes. He was holding his arms over this with his eyes hardly opened, and he heard something at the door of the hut. He thought it was somebody who wanted to get in; he heard the noise of breathing, and thought the man had been running hard and was drawing a long breath. He

said, "You can come in if you like," and again he heard the breathing just close to the door. He said, "Why cannot you come in?" He took out the stick of fire that was red hot, and in sympathy to the stranger pushed it out to let the poor man see the way in; and where do you think he pushed the red hot fire? Into a lion's mouth! The lion gave a most tremendous roar, and made the boy jump. The father and mother started up and laid hold of the boy. He was terrified; he could not tell what he had said and what he had done, and there they lay trembling for two or three hours longer. When it was daylight they looked out, and found the marks of the great lion's paws within ten or twelve inches of the door! There he had been waiting till the boy, or some one else, should put

out his head, and then away would go head and body too into the bargain.

This will show you the dangers to which people are often exposed in that country; but there are dangers greater than these. There is the awful lion—the lion of lions, that is, the devil, who like a roaring lion reigns there, and who has every one under his control there, keeps them all ignorant there, and by that means they are all miserable, and die without hope. I will give you one specimen of it. At some distance from our station there was a little boy eight years of age. He lived with his father and mother, and they were rich; at least, they had sheep, and oxen, and goats, and a garden. They resided in a beautiful valley where there were many inhabitants. When he was eight years of age, his

father gave him an iron spear; before that, he had only a wooden spear and wooden arrows. But when his father gave him an iron spear and a little hat, and made a man of him, he was so glad; he was the happiest boy in the valley; at least he thought so, for now he had received an appointment—a commission. What was that to do? To go to the fields, and take care of his father's cattle. That is one principal point of education there.

The greatest chief's sons go through the same round of duty as those of the plebeian, or poor people. Away he went with his spear, and looked out for game. If he saw a partridge, he threw his spear at it, and then, again, at a hare; for there are no game laws in that part of Africa. He thought he should kill game for ever; his heart

was so full of delight that he did not know what to do with himself. Oh, he little knew how soon sorrow was to follow his joy ; for in a few days afterwards, a band of fearful fierce savages, of the Matabele tribe, came into the valley, burned the harvest, for the grain was now ripe, burned the villages, took the cattle, and killed all before them. This boy with his mother escaped, we do not know how, but very likely they might hide themselves in some hole among the bushes on the side of the hill. The next morning, when it was dawn of day, and the wind arose and blew away the clouds of smoke from the valley along the mountains, the mother saw that she was a widow : for there was not a living soul to be seen ; and the poor boy heard that he was fatherless, his mother told

him so ; and there were no cattle to be seen in that valley, where, the day before, all was joyful and all was happy—heathen happiness.

The mother and boy came down to their round hut, which had escaped the fire, and there she sat down, and mourned and wept, and the boy wept also. Poor boy! his mother's sorrow and tears made him weep. She took from the hedge a stake with which they dig up roots, and said to the boy, "I am poorly,"—yes, she was poorly; she was ill of what we call in this country intermittent fever. She said, "Take the stake, and try if you cannot get a few roots." The boy went, but he could get no roots. She had a few handfuls of brown grain, something like cabbage seed, and they ground this and some coarse grass together, and ate

a little of it; but oh! it was very bad. But you cannot think what people will eat when they are hungry. I should not like to tell you what I have eaten—you would think of it when you are at dinner—but hunger will make a person eat anything. One day I was out, and I was hungry, and came to a Bushman sitting by a fire. I sat down with him, but he did not seem inclined to talk with me. There was something hot at the fire; it was smoking, and a hungry man has a keen scent. It is wonderful how he scents anything that is good. I was so hungry that I could have eaten anything. I have eaten locusts, and indeed they are very good; I would eat them any time after dinner for a dessert. I have often eaten the flesh of animals killed with poison the day before, and it never

did me any harm; and worse things than these I have eaten. I said to the youth—for he appeared young—"You have got something very good there; is it not ready?" He did not seem inclined to tell me. I put my hand into my pocket and said, "Have you got a bit of tobacco?" "No," he said, "but if you like you can give me a bit." His countenance brightened, and by-and-bye I got him coaxed to take out the morsel that was to satisfy us both. And what do you think it was? A serpent, a filthy serpent, a cobra de capella, with its head cut off, but its flesh looked very fine, and I dare say it was as good as any eel's. But the association of a deadly biting serpent—sending that down your throat, I could not master it; and after tasting it, I left him to his precious meal, and went on.

I met a man that evening, an acquaintance, and I asked him if he had anything to eat. He said he had got a jackal, and that is not much better than a dog; I question if it is so good. However, I got a good supply that night, jackal as it was.

But I must return to this little boy and his mother. They felt hungry; one day passed over, and there was nothing to eat. The poor mother saw her hungry and lovely only boy with tears in his eyes. Oh! she loved him with a mother's love. Some mothers in Africa are cruel, and throw away their children; but there are thousands of mothers that can love, and love with a "mother's love," too. At last the mother said to him, "My boy, go and take the narrow path that leads over the valley, and perhaps you will meet

with some friends. For two days you have eaten nothing. Leave me, I am going to die." "I leave you!" said the boy, "do not talk so, it makes me cry—no, you will soon be well, and then I shall not suffer any more hunger." The mother drew an old tattered skin over her, and there she lay down on the floor. The poor boy little knew that these were the last words he was ever to hear from the lips of his mother. She was gone; she died. The boy lay down and slept that night, and got up in the morning, and he wondered why his mother slept so long. The day passed over, and he wondered why his mother did not get up. He lay down another night and slept, and the next morning he thought his mother was sleeping very, very long. At last a woman, passing from a dis-

tance, saw the boy sitting ; she looked into the hut, and saw something lying : she went in, and found the corpse. She said to the boy, "Your mother is dead—she is cold and dead ; you must go away ;" and away she went, and took no notice of the boy. The boy wept and wept, and he then thought of the words of his mother, telling him to take the narrow path.

He went over the heights, and came to another valley, where he saw a man cultivating a field. He went up to him and sat down. His eyes were filled with tears, his bones were covered with nothing but skin, and a pitiable object he was. The man had pity on him when he saw him ; he was suffering greatly. He asked him where he came from ; he could not speak ; his lips were parched. The man took the

boy to the water to wash the dust and dirt off him, and when he saw the water he thought he was going to drown him. He said, "Do not drown me; I will be your servant; I will take care of your cattle." The man then led him to his children, and gave him some water and milk, and some food, and brought him about till he got strong, and he was happy with the boys and girls. . Some months passed over in that way till the cannibals came to that part of the country. I suppose you all know what a cannibal means. It is, perhaps, too hard a name for some of you; but if I tell you another name you will understand it better—a man-eater. Were I to kill you, and boil or roast and eat you, I should be a cannibal, like the cannibals in the South Sea Islands, where the missionary Williams

went. Cannibals came to the valley, and this man was afraid; he expected he should be eaten. He gathered his goods together, and he took his wife and his children; he had nothing but what he could carry away. This boy went with him, and after they had travelled two days, he said to the boy, "You cannot go with me; I cannot take care of you now; I have children, and you must go and seek another master." "Leave you!" said the boy, "you have been a father to me; how can I leave you?" But the man insisted that he should go no farther. The boy sat down under a bush, and there wept again, all alone in the world. He cried so bitterly that he did not see which way his friends took.

They went into the valley—a party of cannibals who were hiding in a hol-

low watched their footsteps and followed them, and the next morning nothing was left of the kind man and his family but a few bones; they had been killed and eaten! Well might the young orphan be terrified; he thought that every bush that shook was a cannibal; he thought that every breath of wind was the voice of cannibals. He was so terrified that he ran to a cave, the mountain of the Maloutis, and there he lived a whole twelvemonth. What did he live on? On roots, or anything he could get. He heard the lions roar at night, and that prevented him sleeping; he heard hyenas coming near his den, and they would not let him sleep; and his old sheepskin was worn out, and at last he thought that he would go away. He was hardly able to walk, but he came to a village,

and there the people took care of him. After some time that place became a missionary station—and ah! a missionary station is a lovely place in a heathen land—it is a sweet place; it is a rest for the weary; it is a refuge for the faint; it is an asylum for the distressed; it is a stronghold for those who have been scattered and peeled.

The boy had grown into a young man then, and was living in vice and ignorance. He heard the missionary talk about something he could not see. He looked round and round, but he could not see what it was. He heard that there was a Being who took care of men and women, and boys and girls; that his eye was upon them where they were in their wanderings alone, or in towns with other people. His mind was impressed; he listened,

and he learned to know Jehovah, the only true God. When he was received into the church, he told his sufferings and his experience, and much more than I have told you. He told how, all the way, God had preserved him; and with amazement he said, "What am I? I lived but as it were among the graves of others; and has God spared me that I should be a sinner upon earth? No, I will seek to know that God, and to love that God." I believe that at the present time the young man is a native teacher at one of the missionary stations.

Ah! those blessings that attend the gospel to the old and young are beyond all description. "Blessings attend where'er He reigns." Could you see what I have seen hundreds and hundreds of times—one group of heathen

children learning to read, another learning to sing; could you see the Bechuana girls going together, some twenty, thirty, or forty of them singing away till they are ready to dance with joy; could you see with what pleasure they sit down and learn to sew; could you see them, instead of smearing themselves over with dirty grease, and putting ochre upon themselves, and hanging buttons on their ears, and over their noses, and at the end of their hair, so that you would think they were the most uncomfortable creatures on earth, but they liked those things—were you to see them, instead of this, going to bathe, and then see how neatly they are dressed, and how nice they look in a place of worship, you would be astonished. They feel the sweetness of the change themselves, and they know

that we like to see them pleased with being clean, and being nicely dressed. I remember rather a curious circumstance that took place. It was at a time when Mrs. Moffat had very little work for the sewing school, that is, few materials.

We shall not want materials now, when we go back to Africa ; the friends have taken care that she shall not be out of work ; the sewing school will not run a-ground for some time, for want of it. But at the time to which I have referred, there were very few materials, and we lived some hundreds of miles from a market town, and the people who brought things often charged too dear for the natives to buy. Thus I have often known Mrs. Moffat find it difficult to keep the children supplied with work. You—at least, most of

you—understand these things better than I do. She procured from a travelling friend a number of books containing specimens of prints such as are sent from Manchester, and other manufacturing towns, four or five inches square, and containing all colours and qualities—here a gingham, here a blue print, and here something else—the name of which I do not know. Mrs. Moffat or Ma-Mary, as she is called in that country,* was happy to get them, and having got them, the children put the squares together. That was work for the sewing school for a certain time, especially for the little girls. At the end of the half-year, they were wont

* Parents in that country are called by the names of their first-born; Mary is our eldest daughter, and thus Mrs. Moffat is Ma-Mary, or mother of Mary, and I am Ra-Mary, or father of Mary.

to receive a little present. It was little, for there was not much to give; it was a reward to encourage them. You were sure to see them on the Sabbath day, and at the prayer-meetings also.

Now after these little frocks had been made, like Joseph's coat of many colours and qualities, all like patch-work, the next Sabbath when they appeared in the chapel, after these had been distributed to the girls that had conducted themselves the best, they came in just like a small regiment, and sat together in one front seat. That is a peep at the dawn of civilization. Do you know, my dear children, what I mean by dawn? Dawn is the beginning of morning light, and these things are the beginning of civilization among a people who had no frocks or clothes such as you have; but having com-

menced with the infant mind, it is astonishing to see the ascendancy it has over the older folks. The kindness that has been shown by the missionaries and their wives, to many a little girl in the sewing school, and many a little boy in the day school, has been the means of bringing their own parents to love the gospel; but I shall tell you more of this when God shall spare me to return to Africa. Ma-Mary—for now you know her name—will also tell you by letters, for you may not see us again.

I shall mention another circumstance, and then conclude, for though you are all attention, I must leave and preach a sermon to-night. We have now in that country many missionary stations, and many schools. We have infant schools, sewing schools, Sabbath schools,

and in these schools we have thousands of children taught to read who never could read before, and who never were clothed before. Among that people you would be astonished to see their desire to have books, and their anxiety to learn to read. I remember seeing an old man and his wife,—a grandfather and a grandmother. I was very ill off for monitors, and it was my turn to conduct the Sunday-school. There was no room in the house, or rather it was too warm, and they came out on a fine green, under the shadow of green willow trees. One circle was formed after another, with a monitor of some kind. Often there was a little girl—for our girls are the best monitors—in the middle of the circle, with a board, and some A B C, or spelling lessons on it. Away they went, each circle going

on with their own music—for it was music to my ear, though not very harmonious sometimes. One circle had no monitor, and they called out to me that they wanted one. I told them that I could not find a monitor; that they must help themselves.

When I came near the circle, I saw that the old man was devising a plan. His granddaughter was sitting on the knee of his wife, her grandmother; and she was the monitor of that circle. The little bit of a thing, though very young, was able to teach; for she knew the A B C perfectly, and she was a little philosopher compared to her grandmother. The grandmother had no idea that the old man was devising a plan to steal the monitor from her. He said to one of his companions, "Go and give my wife a bit of snuff, and

when she puts out her hand, you lay hold of the child on the other side." The man thus got possession of the child, and away he ran; it was rather upon high ground, *i. e.* she was sitting in a low place, and the woman ran after him as hard as she could, getting stones to throw at him, for running away with the child. I roared out, "That will not do." She replied, "He has taken my grandchild who was my monitor."

I thought, at the same time, it was a lovely sight—a delightful sight, after all. Many, many years I have seen when, if there had been a monitor, there was nobody to be taught among that people. The influence of children, who have received instruction in our schools, is remarkable. It is astonishing to witness the influence of little children

in their respective families. I remember, when at a school in Namaqualand, an amiable little sable girl. She had got a part of the Testament, and was beginning to read nicely. She lived at a little distance, and I knew little about her parents; I did not know that they lived there. After she began to read, she did not come so regularly to school as before—she was often late in the morning. I found fault—I complained of it, with softness and mild admonition—I said, “How is it that you come to school rather late? Can you not get up earlier?” Poor thing! she did not tell me the reason—she remained quiet. Another and another day she was late again, and late again, and I thought there was something the matter. I asked where she lived, and she said, I will take you

to where I live. On the evening of that day I followed the little girl, with her Testament under her arm. She took me over a hill and down a ravine, where there was a little village of a few houses together—so we call a village in that country.

She took me to the house, and there I saw a venerable old woman, a woman on whose brow were the hoary hairs of age. When I asked her, Who is this? she said, “My grandmother.” I asked again, and who is this? “My mother.” I sat and wondered, and then I asked the mother the question,—“Do you know anything about God?” On finding that she perfectly understood the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and that “God so loved the world, &c.”—and all that I referred to, I immediately addressed myself to

the grandmother, and said, "I have not had an opportunity of seeing you at chapel—I have seen this one, the mother occasionally, but I never saw you. Do you know anything about the love of God?" "Oh yes," she said, "I know God." I asked, What has God done for you? "God," she replied, "has done great things for me; he created me, he preserved me, and he sent his son Jesus Christ to save me;" and she wept. I wept too, and had you, my dear young friends, been there, you would have wept. I was utterly astonished to find the woman in that position—a woman that I had never seen before—at least if I had seen her it must have been by accident. I asked, "Where did you learn these things?" She pointed to her granddaughter, and said, "Ever since she has learned to

read, she has read to me every morning. I often said that I was afraid she would be too late for school, and I told her to tell you. I don't know whether she has told you, but she is always anxious to read to me. She reads sometimes half the night, and I often have to tell her to go to bed; and then she gets up in the morning again, and she reads and reads, so that she forgets her very breakfast, and has to take it with her to eat on the road." Think of this little girl. After first learning to read, the first effort of her infant mind was to teach her grandmother that there was a God, and that God loved the world. I felt as if I could sit the livelong day, a year, to meditate on the condescension and mercy of God, in blessing those simple

means to the conversion of that venerable grandmother.

Now I must come to a close ; but before I do so, allow me, my dear young friends, in particular, to call to your attention the words which have been read in your hearing—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." I have been young, and now I am old—old compared to many hundreds here ; but let me assure you that nothing grieves me more, though I began at an early time of my life to serve God—nothing grieves me more than that I should not have begun earlier to love and serve the Redeemer. Oh, how delightful it is to look back, after you have grown up to be men and wo-

men, to the early childhood, when you said to God,—“Thou art my Father,”—when you began to pray.

O my young friends! recollect that every day adds hardness to the heart, and every year renders conversion more difficult; and the older you grow, the more doubtful conversion is. You know that it is an awful thing to put off conversion—to put off seeking after God. Death-bed repentance is an awful dependence. We hear in the Bible of only one dying repentance—the thief on the cross. We hear of many being called in youth and riper years, and blessed, blessed are the children that begin in infancy to seek the Lord. Oh! how happy will be their lot, and how eminently useful will they be made in the church of God, compared to those who have only sought God

when their years have been many—when the best part of life has been spent! O my young children, I have said we may never again see each other, if you do not come out to Africa. I may come back, that is a possibility. I cannot tell, it is not very likely; but there may be here a Morrison—there may be here a Williams—there may be here a Carey—there may be here a Milne—there may be here a Coke—there may be here a Wesley—there may be here a Whitefield—there may be here a John Knox for aught I know, for the world requires reformers yet. Oh the field is great; there is a call for missionaries and for missionary effort. Let me hope that many here, boys and girls, will become men and women—missionaries and missionaries' wives, to go out perhaps to Africa.

You may come there and cast your eyes perhaps on a mound of stones, that covers the remains of Robert Moffat, who is now addressing you. You will remember his words—you will remember his last entreaty, his last wish—read your Bibles—read your Bibles. Some of you know, I suppose, that it was at the urgent request of my mother, when I was a little boy, that I read my Bible; nay, she made me promise that I would do something, and she would not tell me what that something was, yet I could not withstand her tears and prayers. I said at last, “Yes, mother;” for I was going to part from her—part from a mother and a father. Oh, the very sound melts the heart, my heart was tender—I was going to leave her. She said, “Read the Scriptures—read the New Testa-

ment—read much in the Gospels, ye canna go astray there; there is food for infant minds, and there is sublimity”—in her nervous language—“that would raise you to the throne of God.” Oh! I am happy that I made the promise; I repeat it, because though I did it sadly against my will, yet reading the Bible was the means of bringing me to the feet of the Saviour; and what she told me when I was an infant was the means of leading my mind to the missionary field. I have gone out and come in again, after an absence of twenty-three years, and have seen that venerable mother, and a venerable father, and have bid them “farewell” again.

And now I am going once more to Africa. My children, will you think of me? Will you remember me? Will

you pray for me?—pray for my fellow labourers?—pray for my children?—pray that what I say and do may be blessed? Then, when we meet where we shall all meet—oh! we *shall* meet, there is no escaping then; we must, we shall meet in another world—how shall we rejoice together! But, ah! if we meet there before the throne of God to be separated, some on the right hand and some on the left—some to be received into glory and some to sink down into hell, what will the Africans say? O my friends, to see some of you—you who have been in a Sunday-school—you who have been taught from your childhood to read the Scriptures, what will they say if they see you sink down, down to everlasting misery; and they, they, the heathens, though murderers, though men of

blood, though savages, washed, sanctified, justified, and received up into glory?

Ah, my friends, what is there for the never dying soul in this world? What is there to satisfy your soul but the love of God? What is there to sustain us in all our trials, to sustain us in the hour of death, but the faith of the gospel? I have seen heathens die, and would you like to see them die? Oh it is awful! Heathens die, and though they do not know all—though they do not know that there is a hell—though they do not know that there is a devil in that hell—though they do not know that there is a God to take vengeance, yet they tremble at death, they tremble at the prospect of being cut off for ever from the world! Oh it is awful to see them die! They die

without being cheered with the presence of Jesus in going into the invisible state. Nothing surprises the heathen more in our country—I say our country, for Africa is the country of myself and Mrs. M.—than to see a Christian die—to see the tender delicate woman smile at death—to hear her talk about the grave sweetened with the presence of the Saviour—to hear her talk of the flowery path to bliss, and the company of angels to guard her to the presence of her God—to hear her talk of happy communion with invisible things, and that there are no terrors in the world above. They stand awhile and turn away aghast; they are perfectly amazed; they withdraw in astonishment from scenes like this. They see that there is something in religion, and were it

only to die as a christian dies, it is worth being a christian.

Now, my beloved friends and dear children, permit me to commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, "which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among them who are sanctified." And, oh! to you whose hearts are now warm with the love of God—to you who have now shining prospects—and to others who have faint prospects, I would say, "Farewell for a short time." "We know that when the earthly house of our tabernacle shall be dissolved, we have a building of God,"—we have a home, a heavenly home. Our Jesus has said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Paul said, for our encouragement, that he knew that "for him was laid up a crown of glory, and not

for him only, but for all those who love the appearing of Jesus." O my friends, think of your souls—think of God—think of eternity—think of Jesus. A few more rolling suns at most will land us"—oh that it may land us all—"on fair Canaan's coasts!"

"There we shall sing the song of grace,
And see our glorious hiding place."

There we shall meet with patriarchs and prophets—there we shall meet with missionaries from every quarter of the world—there we shall meet with immortal Africans with palms in their hands and crowns on their heads—there we shall meet with Hindoos—there we shall meet with Greenlanders from the everlasting snows, where the Moravians have planted sweet Sharon's rose—negroes from the islands of the West, and islanders from the South, will

be there—Williams, all glorious Williams, will be there—and, oh, what a sight that will be! What a transporting prospect is before us! “Let us, then, never be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”

Farewell, my dear young friends.—
Farewell!

CHILDREN FROM AMONG THE HEATHEN AT
THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Little travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the Blest :—
There, to welcome, Jesus waits
Gives the crowns his followers win—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat,
They had ever kept in view ?

" I from Greenland's frozen land ;"

" I from India's sultry plain ;"

" I from Afric's barren sand ;"

" I from islands of the main."

" All our earthly journey past,

Every tear and pain gone by,

Here together met at last,

At the portal of the sky,

Each the welcome ' COME' awaits

Conquerors over death and sin."

Lift your heads, ye golden gates !

Let the little travellers in !

THE MISSIONARIES' PARTING SONG.

To the Air of "Auld Lang Syne."

Hail ! sweetest dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one ;
Hail ! sweetest hope that tunes our minds
To harmony Divine.
It is the hope—the blissful hope—
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are passed,
We all shall meet in heaven.

From Burmah's shore—from Afric's strand—
From India's burning plain—
From Europe—from Columbia's land—
We all shall meet again.
It is the hope, &c.

What though the northern wintry blast
Shall hover round our cot ;
What though beneath an eastern sun
We cast our distant lot ;
Yet still we share the blissful hope, &c.
No lingering look—no parting sigh—
Our future meeting knows ;
There tears are wiped from every eye,
And joy immortal flows.

Hail sacred hope! Hail glorious hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given :
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

CHORUS.

We all shall meet in heaven at last
We all shall meet in heaven :
We hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.



